

is the history of the future which he reads and expounds so fluently.

The fact that his party is less than a hundred years old, and has the remarkable faculty of changing its hues at will, like the Chameleon, does not suggest to him that there is a bare possibility that the unchangeable Lord has other sheep not of his fold. This assurance (in his own mind) that the sheep with which he flocks are the elect, fully warrants the expenditure of hisses without count for all, whether their fleeces are black or white, while he would not for the world recognize a virtue as brilliant as an angel's which did not emanate from the fortunate owner of his party's badge.

He knows without a moment's reflection, that all those who go out of the little pasture where the "little flock" feeds (he always stamps his party with that signet) from, are doomed irrevocably and his devotion to his "idee" will not allow him even to pray that it might be otherwise. He knows that he will walk the golden streets sometime, but he would rather not go there if there was a remote possibility that his party had failed to get a monopoly of the sunshine of that "better country."

All that the sealed book contains is as clear as the crystal sea to him, but if he would stoop low enough to hear, I would whisper the sentiment of the legend, "Don't prophesy unless you know."

The *social prophet* is fully abreast of the procession. He has the records of all the families around him, from away back to away beyond. He looks at the history through smoked glass and all is discolored, but he heeds not the fact that the glass is smoked. This boy is going to the bad, the fact of which he is dead certain. He reads it in the lines in his hand and in the stars that shone at his birth. He sees it in the smoking weed between his teeth and in the blood that runs in his veins.

"That girl is going down grade. She is just like her mother and her mother is not as good as she ought to be. Some damsel of the prolific "Pry" family saw her chewing gum on Sunday, and instead of spinning flax and wool like her mother did, she chooses to spin on the bicycle, and "don't you know," she will do worse things when she gets older. These social ravens, birds of ill omen, pry and peep and mutter and mumble, until one would think the black plumaged angel of death was on his way to summon the world to the shadowy, silent realm of the lost spirits.

Meddlesome scandal, loving gossiping, prophet and prophetess of evil, heed the warning of the legend, "Don't prophesy unless you know."

The *business prophet* arrives on schedule time. He knows a prodigious lot that he doles out in installments as circumstances suggests.

He always prophesies evil. He is pessimistic. If it rains he knows it will ruin the crops. If it does not rain he knows there is going to be a drought. It makes no difference if his forecastings have failed a thousand times. His faith is based on the one time that it did not fail.

The politicians are going to win the country, don't you see? It does not affect his faith in his prophetic calling if reform elements are at work to neutralize vicious legislation, he knows that the reformers will become as corrupt as others. He affirms that bad rulers are responsible for hard times and they are going to be worse when it is all owing to heedless waste in his expenditures and general maladministration of his household. He always crosses the bridge before he gets to it. If the dark cloud is tipped with silver he heeds it not for, can't you see, the bright lining will only make the fury of the storm more terrible when it comes. He doubts Providence, he doubts humanity, he doubts everything but himself. He lives in a fog of doubt and he refuses to have the fog dispelled. He don't enjoy anything but fog and yet the fog makes him miserable. He is happy because he is miserable, and he is miserable because he is happy. When it is night he wishes it was day, and when it is day he wishes it was night. The things that are, he wishes were not, and the things which are not, he wishes they were. He is without a nomenclature, a nonentity, a misfit, a moral, social, political, religious, morphodite, neither one nor the other. To the whole prolific perambulating, ubiquitous family, I repeat the legend, "Don't prophesy unless you know."

SOME DIFFERENT WAYS OF REJECTING OUR SAVIOUR.

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Rejecting the Saviour is of no modern origin. People have rejected our Saviour ever since he has come into the world. Terrible has the curse fallen upon those who have established human opinions in opposition to the word of God. Witness the Jews who since the fatal overthrow of their city have been vagabonds over all the face of the earth. Witness the poverty, ignorance and misery of those parts of the world where human creeds prevail and where the Bible is rejected. Yes, witness the case of every man who substitutes his will for God's to the law and testimony. If they speak not according to the word it is because there is no light in them. We

find in II Timothy 3 : 16, that all Scripture is given by inspiration of God and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof and for correction, for instruction in righteousness. Rejecting the Saviour means something. It means something more than rejecting man. There are various ways of rejecting the Saviour's commands. Witness the people who have rejected the Saviour and are to-day, by not obeying his commands and lusting after the riches and pleasures of this world.

We find in Matthew 19 : 21 where the rich ruler rejected Christ. When he was commanded to sell what he had and give to the poor, and he should have treasures in heaven, and come and follow me. They that will be rich though ever so fair, fall into temptation and snare which drown men in perdition. Youth beware : when men neglect to employ the talent of wealth according to the will of God, he gives them up to the love of it. The love of money makes life miserable. The professor rejects the Saviour by professing to be a follower of Christ yet he loves the honor, riches and pleasures of the world. He thinks the Bible may be a true book and heaven worth having when he can have no more of earth, therefore he is found in the way. He professes to love God, but in works he denies him. He makes consequently no progress heavenward. The world is too much for him. It obtains more and more power over him, until, after having made him miserable on earth, sinks him into the gulf of woe, where he receives his portion with the hypocrites and unbelievers. Notice the people who honor one another and their riches and pleasures of this world instead of honoring God the giver of all that is good and perfect. The honors of earth come from inconstant mortals. The honors which are spiritual flow from the unchangeable Jehovah. The honors of earth are sought by trampling on the rights of others. The honors of God are sought by the increase of human happiness. Earthly honors are unsatisfactory when obtained. The honors of God fill the soul with bliss. Earthly honors are transitory, like the source from whence they spring. The honors of heaven are abiding like their Divine author. How, said Jesus, can ye be saved who seek honor one of another, and not the honor which cometh from God only? How many are rejecting the Saviour by being self-righteous.

St. Paul, when a Pharisee had a large load of self-righteousness, but when he became a Christian he discarded it. He desired to be found in Christ saying, "Not having mine own righteousness which is of the law, but that which is through the faith in Christ, the righteousness which is